Who cared when the sky was so wonderfully blue

by Unafraidpast

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Summary: War always continues, with short breaks for thousands of years ravaging the galaxy.But who cared when the sky was so wonderfully blue. It would be a great pity not to look at it that day. Kinda SPOVA

Who cared when the sky was so wonderfully blue

War always continues, with short breaks for thousands of years ravaging the galaxy. It seems to be quite natural state of things, periodically lasting and bursting with different strength between social groups of all beings. Some were making paupers, to some, it provides wealth and power.

Then it had meaning anymore. Now Nova heard silence. She was not quite sure if it was a good sign. Last thing she remembered she had been standing on the front line, bending under the weight of a machine gun in her hands, and the shrill noise thundered in her ears. Now it was quiet, and she was lying on the ground with a strange emptiness in her head. She tried to move, and there was no pain. But she felt that her leg bent up at a very odd angle and something sticky and warm runs down her forehead. Nova rolled her eyes to the side. There was a young man trying to run a locked gun. He looked terrified, and the warm substance, the same who ran down her forehead, began to be felt also on her side. But who cared when the sky was so wonderfully blue. It would be a great pity not to look at it that day.

Nova closed her eyes only for a second. But once she did she heard a tangle of words and tense, nervous voices. Before she opened her eyes, she frowned â€“ now, she much more preferred silence and a wonderful blue sky.

We're losing her!

She opened her eyes just to see the blurred world. There was no sky, no sun. It was just very cold.

Charge!

It was strange how she felt. Actually, she did not feel anything. Once again she looked to the side. There was no longer a young man with locked weapon, now there was something big and glass.

**Bep ... bep, bep, bep, bep ...**

That's all she heard before she plunged into the darkness.

The first thing she realized was pain. The shrill, engulfed her whole body. She did not want anything other than to scream, but then she realized that there is something in her throat that prevents that effectively. Right away, she established that this was the endotracheal tube. She tried to clench her fingers, but her muscles were too weak to make this possible. Eventually, she opened her eyes. She recognized the place: the hospital wing. She looked around. She immediately noticed countless tubes attached to her body and a big drip on the right. The chair beside the bed was occupied by Sparx and Gibson stood right nex to him. Both pale and tired, but with the warm smiles on their faces. Nova also would have smiled, but she had the impression that such a big effort could make her fall to pieces.

"It's great to see you, Dollface," was the first thing anguished Sparx said.

Nova simply narrowed her eyes in agreement. It was also great to see him. Even if his cheek was crossed by big ,ugly looking wound which recently surelly wasn't there. But the story time will come later.

"There was a moment I thought that we lost you" said Gibson tinkering something with drip "Increasing the dose of the anesthetic ... But I stabilized you. You've experienced serious external and internal injuries. But you're on your way to achieve full form. Of course, it will take w while" smiled Scientist "I leave you two for a while"

Gibson went to the desk and began going through the papers piled there.

Sparx gently ran a hand over Nova's cheek, huge regret lurked in his smile.

"Be brave. I need you here. With me." Pilot almost whispered "Everything will be fine, you'll see. Just be brave, you'll be fine."

Nova looked at him with tired eyes and blinked as confirmation. Yes, she'll be fine.

End
file.